FIRST
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CANADA
EVANGELINE

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

It is the 22nd century, and many things have changed... humans have colonized the stars and made great technological advances. And many things remain the same... they still persecute each other for their beliefs. Enter **Evangeline**: executioner and saviour. A woman with a dark past and one unswerving allegiance.

She is an expert at hand-to-hand combat, demolitions and electronics, and is proficient with a wide variety of weapons — but she has a special affinity for the old-fashioned bow and arrow. Often introduced as a countess, only a few friends know what she truly is. Among them are **Cardinal Szn**, the Vatican head of intelligence who recruited her and assigns her missions; **Brian Hager** who helped train her; and **Jonny Six**, a thief who sees Evangeline as more than a consummate professional.

What is Evangeline? She is an avenger and protector of those persecuted for their beliefs, or persecuted in the name of the new religion — science.

Who is Evangeline? She's a nun — a very *dangerous* nun.

LAST ISSUE: After a five year search, Evangeline found the facility where BioCom was breeding natural star pilots from autistic children, and then learned that half had already been "shipped." She almost didn't rescue those when someone sabotaged her sleep pod. And to cap it all off she received a communique from Szn...

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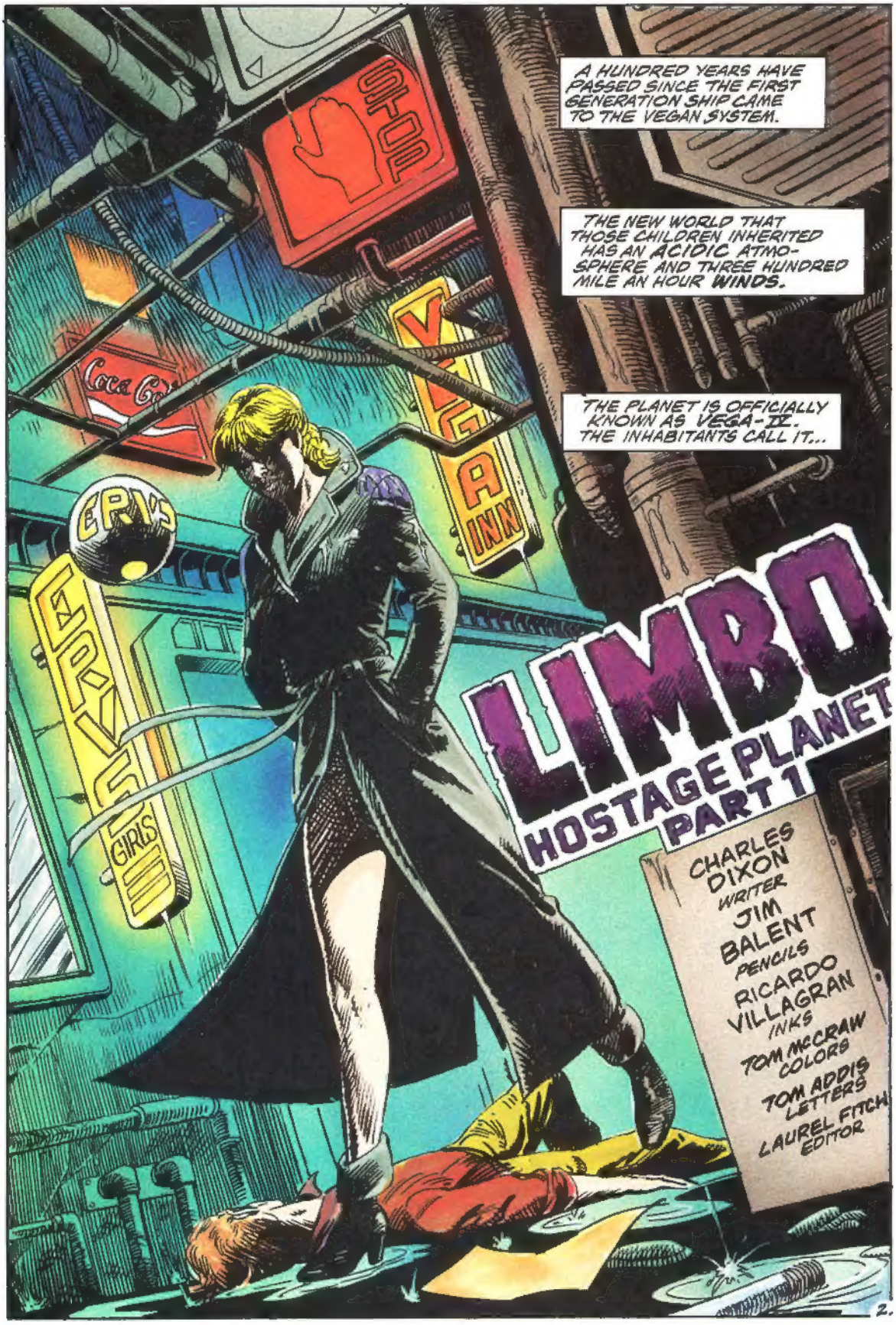
A FIRST COMICS PUBLISHING PRODUCTION

THEY CALLED THEM GENERATION SHIPS... THEIR MINIMUM TRAVEL TIME WAS FORTY YEARS... ONE WAY.
THE PASSENGERS VOLUNTEERED KNOWING THAT THEY WOULD NEVER SEE THEIR DESTINATION... ONLY THEIR CHILDREN WOULD REACH THE STARS.
THEY LIVED OUT THEIR LIVES IN METAL SHELLS... LIVES OF MADNESS... AND DEPRIVATION... AND DESPAIR.
ALL SO THAT THEIR OFFSPRING MIGHT LIVE IN A CLEAN NEW WORLD, FREE OF THE DISEASE AND HOPELESSNESS OF THEIR NATIVE PLANET.


A HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE FIRST GENERATION SHIP CAME TO THE VEGAN SYSTEM.
THE NEW WORLD THAT THOSE CHILDREN INHERITED HAS AN ACIDIC ATMOSPHERE AND THREE HUNDRED MILE AN HOUR WINDS.
THE PLANET IS OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS VEGA-IV. THE INHABITANTS CALL IT...
LIMBO
HOSTAGE PLANET
PART 1
CHARLES DIXON WRITER
JIM BALENT PENCILS
RICARDO VILLAGRAN INKS
TOM McCRAW COLORS
TOM ADDIS LETTERS
LAUREL FITCH EDITOR
SHOP
VEGA INN
ERIC'S
GIRLS

VISTA CITY. THE LARGEST SETTLEMENT ON LIMBO, HOUSES NEARLY A HALF MILLION SOULS.
THE END OF THE ROAD
THE MORE RELIGIOUSLY ORIENTED CALL IT "THE FOOTPRINT OF SATAN"...
MOST PEOPLE JUST CALL IT "THE HOLE."
LOOK, MOSCO. LOOK WHAT JUS' SHEEVEED IN HERE.
WHUH?
YOUNG FLESH.
YOU CRANNY, MOSCO? GOT A YEN-YEN?
ERRRITT...

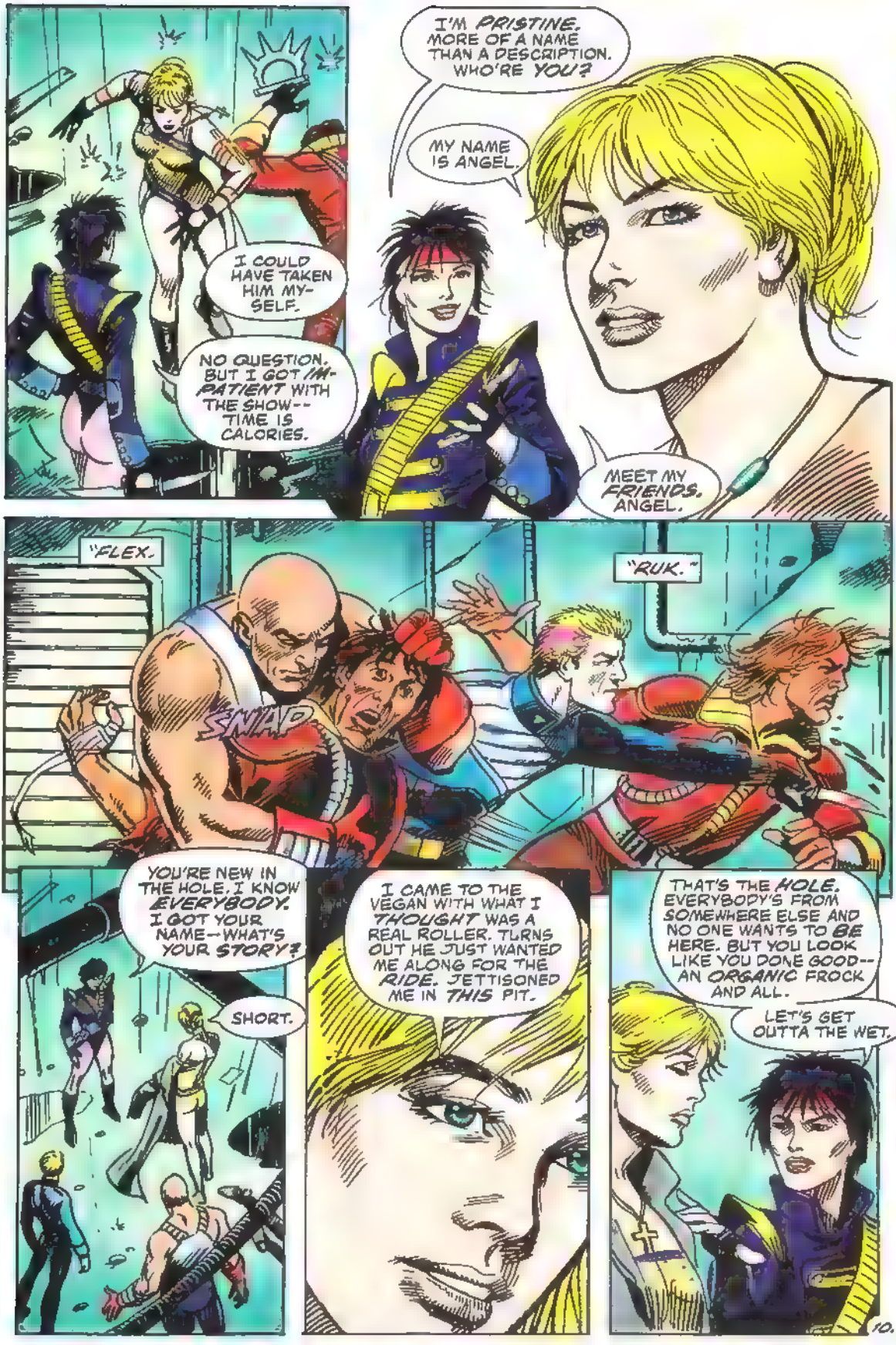
MOVE AWAY, MOVE AWAY. WE RAYROY THROUGH AND NO QUESTION.
ARRRRRR...
HEY, MOLLY... MOSCO LIKES YOU. HAS A YEN-YEN FOR YOUR COLLIE, MOLLY.
AHHHH...
MOSCO WANTS TO KNOW YOUR BORN NAME. YOU NEVER SHEEVEED HERE BEFORE.
MY NAME IS ANGEL. I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS STINKHOLE BEFORE.
WHAT'S YOUR BUNKY WANT? AND DON'T SUCK UP ALL THE OXY TELLING ME.
MOSCO WANT TO GET CLOSE WITH YOU. YOU LIKE IT, BOODY-GOOD--
YOU DON'T LIKE, EVEN BETTER. YOU TRACK?
I TRACK.

FIRST MOSCO, THEN ME. THEN, ALL MY CHUM-MIES.
YOU TRACK, MOLLY? YOU TRACK, NOW?
KEESH
AAAAH
DON'T FOLLOW ME.
5.

RRRRRRR...
SHE'S GOOD, THAT ONE.

AGHK!
THKK
WHUK
SLLSS

DO HER, MOSCO. DO HER BLOODY.
Hurr... Hurr...
URRK
YOU ARE GOOD, MOLLY.


I COULD HAVE TAKEN HIM MYSELF.
NO QUESTION. BUT I GOT IMPATIENT WITH THE SHOW--TIME IS CALORIES.
I'M PRISTINE. MORE OF A NAME THAN A DESCRIPTION. WHO'RE YOU?
MY NAME IS ANGEL.
MEET MY FRIENDS, ANGEL.
"FLEX."
"RUK."
SNAP
YOU'RE NEW IN THE HOLE. I KNOW EVERYBODY. I GOT YOUR NAME--WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
SHORT.
I CAME TO THE VEGAN WITH WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A REAL ROLLER. TURNS OUT HE JUST WANTED ME ALONG FOR THE RIDE. JETTISONED ME IN THIS PIT.
THAT'S THE HOLE. EVERYBODY'S FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE AND NO ONE WANTS TO BE HERE. BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU DONE GOOD--AN ORGANIC FROCK AND ALL.
LET'S GET OUTTA THE WET.

EARTH. THE VATICAN.
YOUR EXCELLENCE?
I AM HERE, FIORE.
SEE THIS, FIORE? HOW PERFECT ARE GOD'S CREATIONS. NO WONDER THE RED ROSE IS SO OFTEN USED AS A SYMBOL OF OUR SAVIOUR.
YES, YOUR EXCEL-LENCE.
THERE HAS BEEN A REQUEST FOR FURTHER INFOR-MATION ON ANGEL CHRISTO-FIORI--AS YOU THOUGHT THERE MIGHT. A SUB-SPACE TRANSMISSION TO CENTRAL REGIS-TRY FROM THE VEGAN SYSTEM.
THEN EVANGELINE IS IN THE LION'S DEN. THE RESPONSE WAS POSITIVE?
YES. THEY WERE GIVEN ALL AVAILA-BLE DATA ON "ANGEL"--INCLUDING A LENGTHY CRIMINAL RECORD AND KNOWN ASSOCIATES.
PERFECT. HER NEW IDENTITY SHOULD BE IM-PERVIOUS TO DOUBT.
UM.
CARDINAL...
A THORN, FIORE. EVEN IN PERFECTION THERE IS PAIN.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

Random Remarks by the Editor

WORLD WAR III: LOOKS GOOD ON PAPER

In case you missed the last World War, it was number two: the Big One, in which we dropped one, not once but twice, killed a bunch of their guys, and so we won.

That was the Good War.

The next one promises to be even better. WWIII: the War to End All Worlds. And we'll have a special preview, right after these old hoary war stories.

WWII: *Ah, I remember it well.*

Fought in my own backyard, if twenty years after, I remember World War II as the war in which G.I. Joe was a strapping 11 and one-half inches tall and fully bendable.

I remember Joe's hated enemies — G.I. Gerries and G.I. Japs we called them, back then in the enlightened Sixties. I remember too calling them krauts and gooks but respecting their axis powers, which rendered them impervious to the imaginative injuries we cruel war lords visited upon them. I remember Dresden, and being grounded that entire summer.

And I remember, especially, that the Germans had neater hand grenades than we had.

These are my war remembrances. They come swelling back to me now as I think about **Team Yankee**, the new limited series I am about to plug as a six-issue weekly extravaganza starting Sept. 9; based on **Maj. Harold Coyle**'s New York Times Bestseller; a First-Berkley graphic novel in early 1989; and just incidently, an extraordinary piece of work.

But **Team Yankee** is also about war, and I no longer consider war as cool as I once did.

Francois Truffaut, best known as that French guy in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, once wrote that it was impossible to make an anti-war movie. He argued that film, by its very nature, depicts war as dramatic and exciting, a glory.

That may be true of comic books, too.

Consider **Team Yankee.** Coyle's scenario — a European ground war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. — is real, sobering, unfun. **David Drake**'s adaptation is grit and true. **Rod Whigham** and **Gerald Forton**, with their smoke and fire pencils and inks, shove it all right through your eyes and into your mind.

"Francois Truffaut once wrote that it was impossible to make an anti-war movie. He argued that film, by its very nature, depicts war as dramatic and exciting, a glory. That may be true of comic books, too."

Team Yankee makes its point exceedingly well: In war, nobody wins.

And yet, when the Soviet tanks get hit, they go WHOOM! Bodies fly, and commies eat lead death throughout. Plus this time, we get to have the neatest weapons, even if they don't always discriminate.

So is **Team Yankee** anti-war? That depends. **Team Yankee** is about war the way it is. For most of you, that should be anti-war statement enough. But for a few, I'm afraid, twice is not enough. The kill will always be a thrill, and any paper war an advertisement.

If that's you, that's fine. Enjoy. But I'd also like you to remember just one thing. It's been the guiding principle of U.S. military strategy for more than a century.

Don't try this at home.

— Larry Doyle

FIRST IN SEPTEMBER

Team Yankee #1, #2 and #3: WWIII begins, and Team Yankee is there! Limited weekly series, based on Maj. Harold Coyle's bestseller. By **David Drake, Rod Whigham** and **Gerald Forton.**

Nexus #52: Nexus quits. By **Mike Baron, Paul Smith** and **John Nyberg**

The Next Nexus #1: The Merk searches for a new Nexus. By **Mike Baron** and **Steve Rude**

Lone Wolf and Cub #17. By **Kazuo Koike** and **Goseki Kojima.** Cover painting by **Bill Sienkiewicz.**

Badger #43. By **Mike Baron** and **Ron Lim**

Evangeline #11. By **Chuck Dixon, Jim Balent** and **Ricardo Villagran.**

Dreadstar #40: Is this the end? By **Jim Starlin, Luke McDonnell** and **Val Mayerik.**

Grimjack #54. By **John Ostrander** and **Tom Mandrake.**

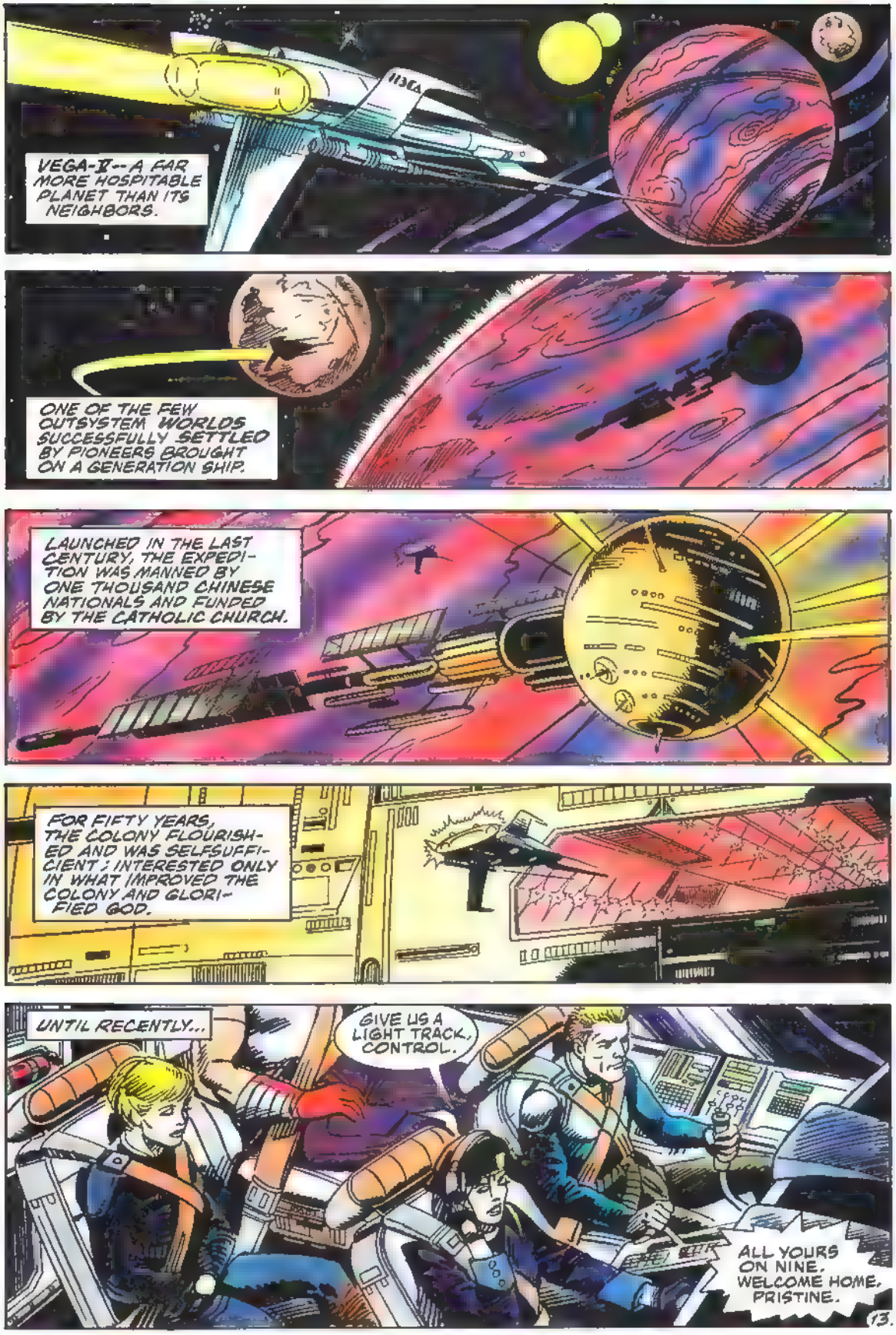
Whisper #20: The origin of Whisper. By **Steven Grant** and **Spyder.**

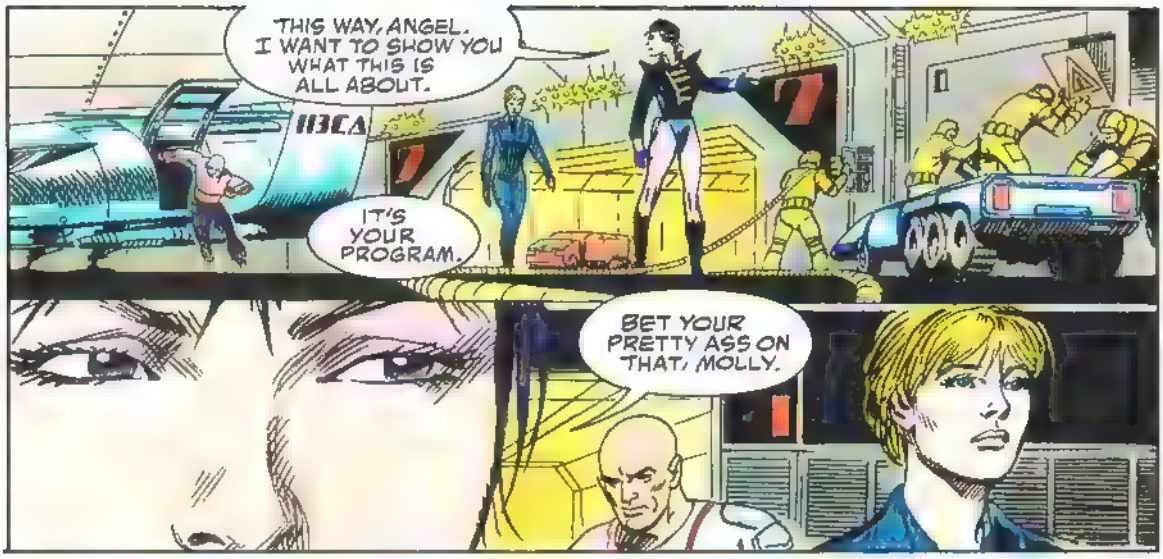
Howard Chaykin's American Flagg! #9. By **Howard Chaykin, Mike Vosburg, John Moore, Richard Ory, Tony Van de Walle** and **Ken Bruzenak.**

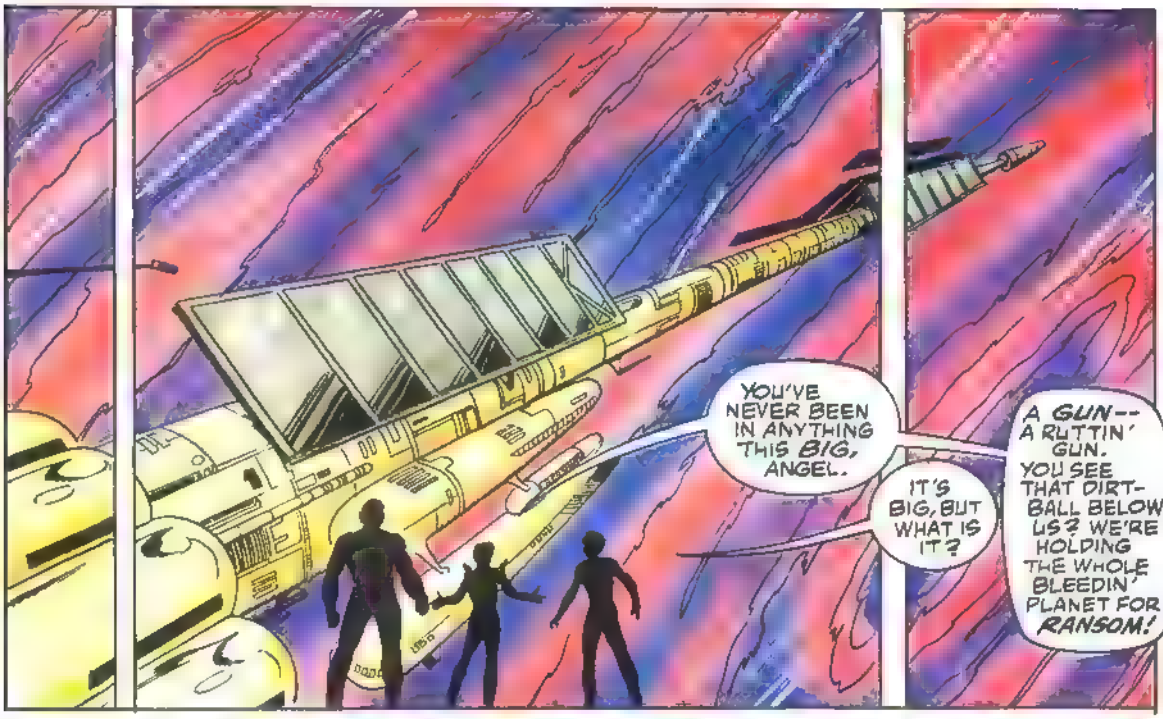
Corum: The Bull and the Spear #1. Beginning the adaptation of the first novel in *The Chronicles of Corum.* By **Mark Shainblum** and **Jill Thompson**

Sable #11. By **Roger Salick** and **Tristan Schane.**

VERY GOOD, RUK. THAT'S REASSURING.
YOU HAD ME PROFILED.
YES, I DID.
YOU NEED A DATA WORKUP ON EVERY-ONE YOU INVITE TO YOUR CUBE FOR A DRINK?
I NEVER DO ANYTHING WITHOUT A REASON, ANGEL. I ALWAYS NEED TALENTED PERSONNEL. YOUR PROFILE SHOWS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT TROUBLE IS AND HOW TO GET OUT OF IT. YOU'VE RUN WITH SOME DANGEROUS ONES.
YOU KNOW MY PAST. I DON'T ROLL LOW AND I DON'T DO SEX STUFF.
THIS IS A HIGH ROLL, ANGEL. IT'S A BIG PAYDAY THAT JUST KEEPS PAYING. YOU WANT A SPACE ON THIS?
SHOW ME WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT.


VEGA-II--A FAR MORE HOSPITABLE PLANET THAN ITS NEIGHBORS.
ONE OF THE FEW OUTSYSTEM WORLDS SUCCESSFULLY SETTLED BY PIONEERS BROUGHT ON A GENERATION SHIP.
LAUNCHED IN THE LAST CENTURY, THE EXPEDITION WAS MANNED BY ONE THOUSAND CHINESE NATIONALS AND FUNDED BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.
FOR FIFTY YEARS, THE COLONY FLOURISHED AND WAS SELFSUFFICIENT; INTERESTED ONLY IN WHAT IMPROVED THE COLONY AND GLORIFIED GOD.
UNTIL RECENTLY...
GIVE US A LIGHT TRACK, CONTROL.
ALL YOURS ON NINE. WELCOME HOME, PRISTINE.


THIS WAY, ANGEL. I WANT TO SHOW YOU WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
IBCA
IT'S YOUR PROGRAM.
BET YOUR PRETTY ASS ON THAT, MOLLY.


YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN ANYTHING THIS BIG, ANGEL.
IT'S BIG, BUT WHAT IS IT?
A GUN-- A RUTTIN' GUN. YOU SEE THAT DIRT-BALL BELOW US? WE'RE HOLDING THE WHOLE BLEEDIN' PLANET FOR RANSOM!

THIS WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE DEVELOPED FOR TERRAFORMING. A SCRAPPER FOUND IT IN A DET-ORBIT AROUND VEGA-II. THE COMPANY HAD ABANDONED IT.
THIS BLEEDER CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS! IF WE PUMP THE JUICE TO THE RED LINE IT CAN TEAR A PLANET APART!

14.

WHERE'S THE UP SIDE OF HOLDING THIS WORLD BY THE THROAT?
THAT PLANET IS ALMOST A SOLID BALL OF PLATINUM. THE DRUBS WHO OWN IT JUST GREW FOOD. THEY WERE HAPPY TO SIT ON ALL THAT PRECIOUS STUFF.
WE HAD TO BURY A COUPLE OF THEIR SETTLEMENTS BEFORE THEY SAW THE SENSE IN BECOMING MINERS. BUT THEY SAW THINGS RIGHT... AFTER A BIT.
THE GUN RIPS A HOLE IN THE CRUST AND THE DRUBS DIG IT UP. AN ORE HAULER COMES ONCE EVERY HALF CYCLE AND LOADS IT ON.
IT'S PARADISE. NO LAW--NO WEIGHT--NO PROBLEMS.
AM I TRACKING? ISN'T THIS PARADISE?
PARADISE...

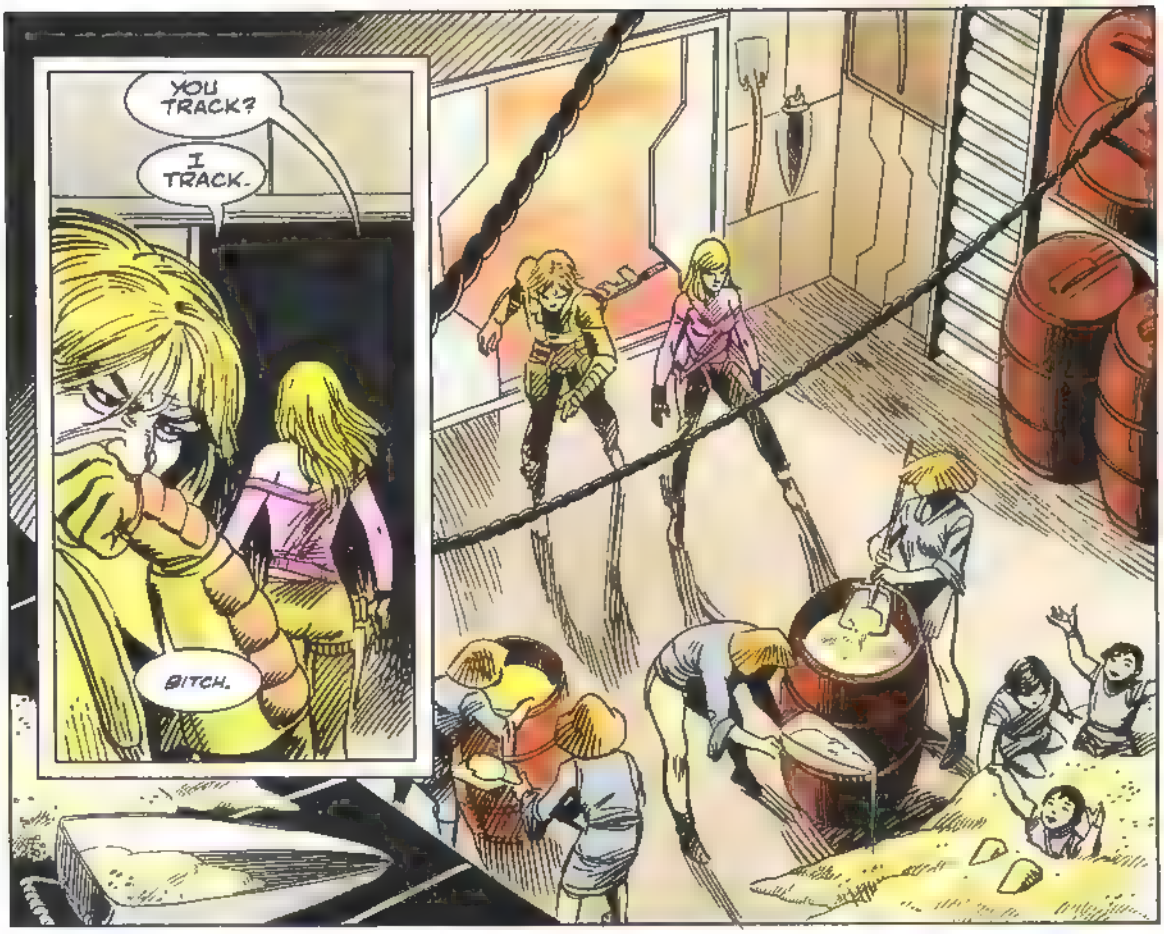
SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS PROGRAM?
IT SHINES, PRISTINE, IT TRULY SHINES. BUT WHY DID YOU BRING ME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE BEFORE YOU EXPLAINED IT? WHAT IF I HAD SAID "NO?"
I WOULD HAVE HAD FLEX THROW YOU OUT AN AIRLOCK.
FLEX IS IN-CREDIBLY DENSE-- BUT HE HAS HIS UP SIDE.
HA HA HA
MRPH!
HAH
HAH-
URRK!
WERE YOU LAUGHING AT ME?
LET'S GET SOME SLEEP. WHEN IT TURNS MORNING ON THE SURFACE, I'LL SHOW YOU THE MINE.
16.

WELL-EQUIPPED LITTLE MOLLY, ISN'T SHE?
VERY WELL EQUIPPED.
IF I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT ANYTHING OTHER THAN HER ARMAMENTS, I'D HAVE YOU FIXED, FLEX.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, RUK?
I'M NOT CERTAIN THAT SHE IS WHO SHE CLAIMS TO BE. ANGEL'S DATA PROFILE IS COMPLETE UP UNTIL TWO YEARS AGO. AFTER THAT, I HAVE NOTHING.
A FEELING. NO MORE THAN THAT.
I TRUST YOUR FEELINGS, RUK. COULD SHE BE LAW? TOO FAR OUTSYSTEM FOR U.S.E.D.
PRIVATE LAW? MAYBE A RIVAL COMPETITOR?
I HAVE NO HOOK ON HER. SHE IS NOT FROM ANY AGENCY THAT WE HAVE EVER DEALT WITH. I HAVE A LIST OF THE RUN-AROUNDS SHE WAS CLOSE WITH.
YOU SHOULD SEE A FAMILIAR NAME THERE.
OUR LITTLE ANGEL HAS MANY FRIENDS. BUT HERE'S ONE THAT WE KNOW. EH, FLEX?
YES. BUT I DON'T LIKE HIM.
MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO KILL THEM BOTH.

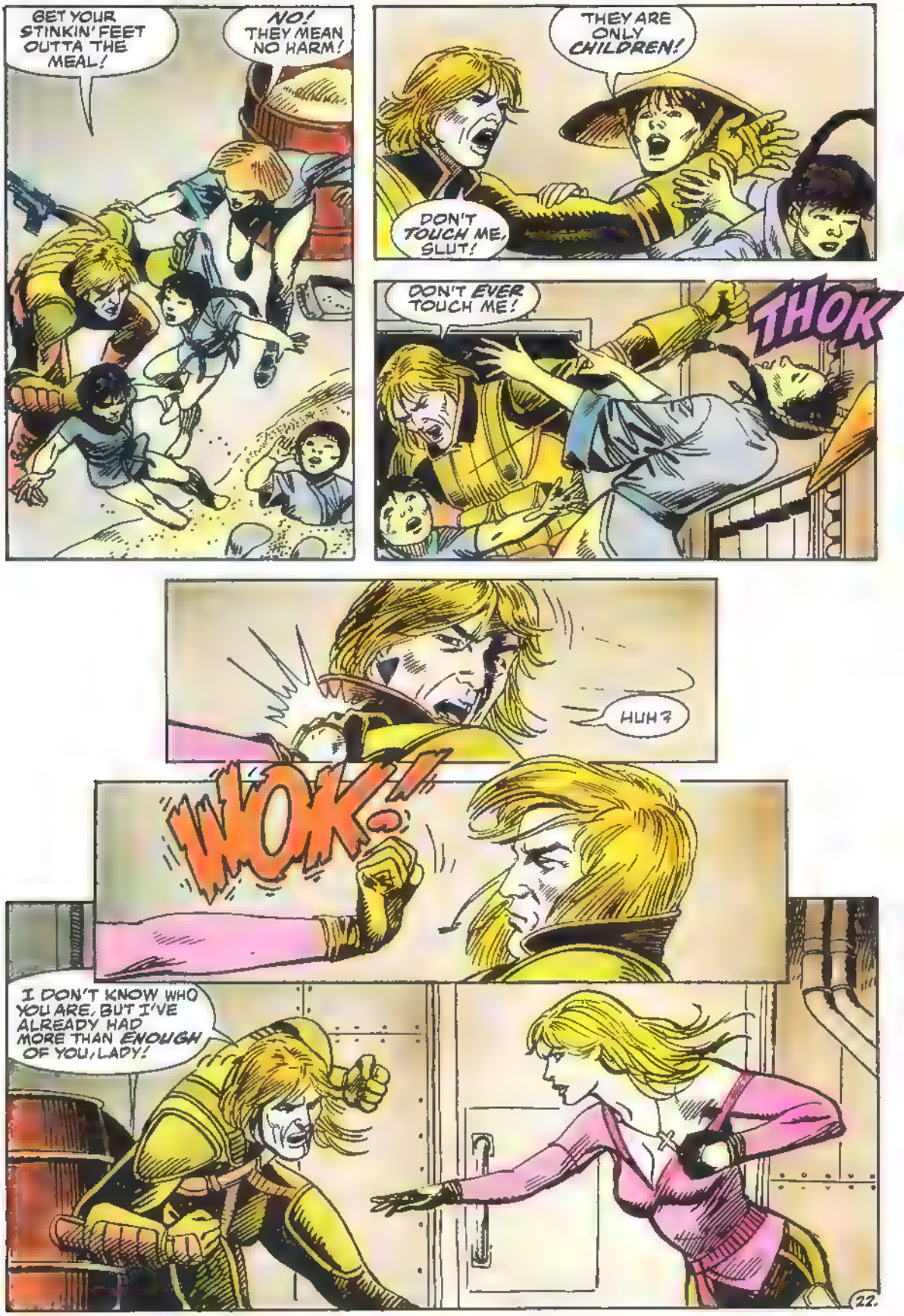
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE THE GROUND SIDE OF THIS DEAL. THAT'S THE PLATINUM MINE.
NOT THAT I DON'T APPRECIATE THE INVITATION, BUT WHY DID YOU INVITE ME TO JOIN YOUR PARTY? YOU SEEM TO HAVE ENOUGH HANDS.
THERE'S A MYSTERY ABOUT YOU, ANGEL. SOMETHING THAT I WON'T SOLVE LOOKING AT DATA PROFILES.
MAYBE WE CAN SATISFY MY CURIOUS SIDE TODAY.
YOU'RE A CHALLENGE, ANGEL.
THIS JOB'S SUCH A WALKOVER-- IT GETS BOR NG WITH NOTHING TO CHALLENGE ME.
BRRROOOSH!
18.

ONE UP SIDE OF THIS MUDBALL--WE DAMN SURE EAT RIGHT. THIS PLACE IS CALORIE RICH AND METAL HEAVY.
THEY EVEN HAVE FRESH MEAT. HOW LONG'S IT BEEN SINCE YOU HAD ANIMAL FLESH, ANGEL?
LONGER THAN I CAN REMEM--
THUMP
PROBLEM, ANGEL?
NO PROBLEM, PRISTINE.

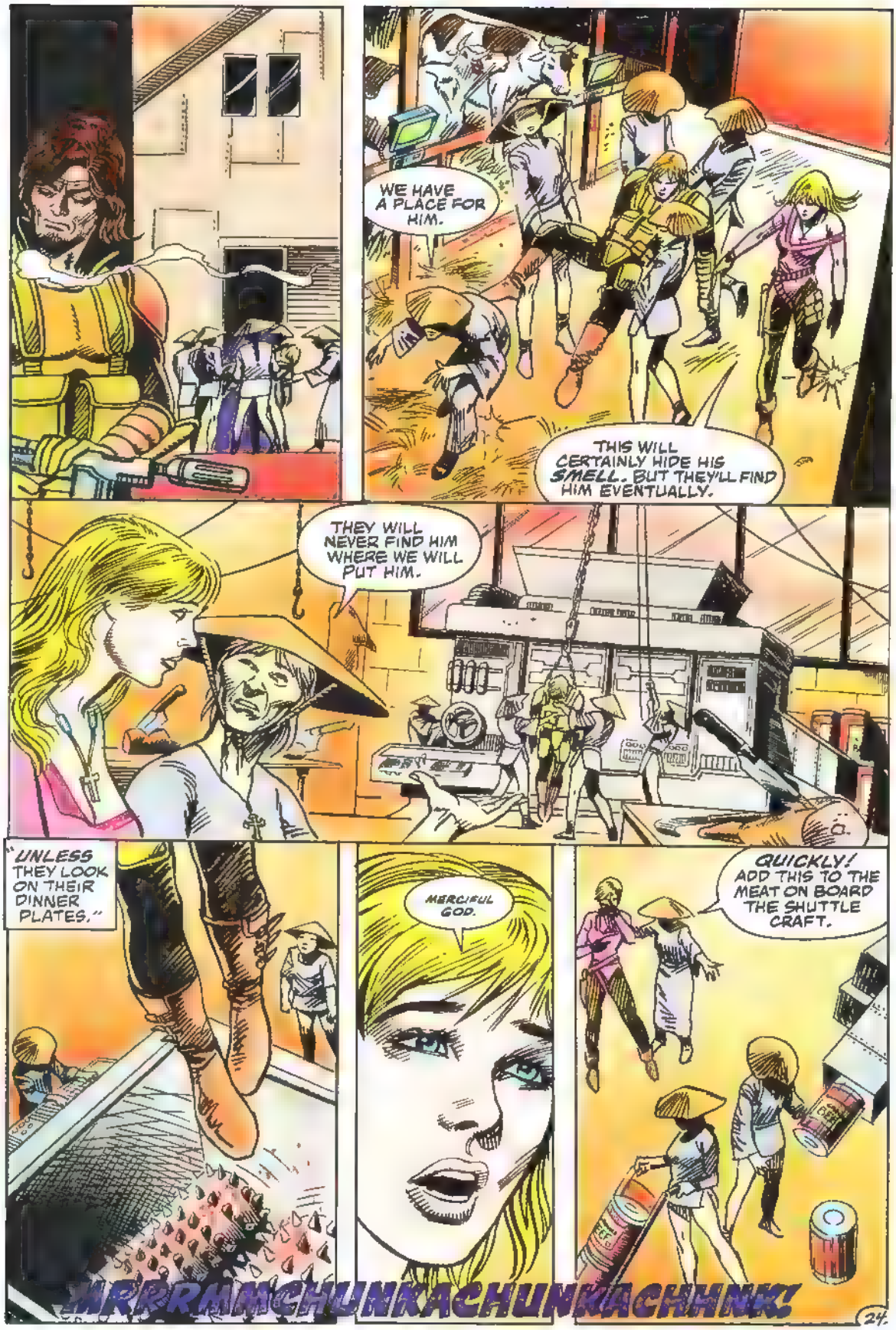
I'VE GOT A MAN DOWN HERE I WANT YOU TO MEET. WE KEEP A GROUND FORCE AND ROTATE THEM WITH THE CREW UP ON THE GUN. THE CREW'S LIGHTER HERE. IT'S ALL MOLLIES. THE MEN WORK THE MINE.
YO, PRISTINE!
HORSE, ANY NOISE FROM THE FARM DRUBS?
THEY'RE STAYIN' IN LINE. THEY PUKE AND MOAN BUT THAT'S IT.
WHO'S THE NEW MOLLY?
THIS IS ANGEL. SHOW HER AROUND WHILE HORSE AND I TALK.
ANGEL, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THAT RUNAROUND OF MINE LATER-- A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU...
YEAH!
YOU SEEN FOOD BEFORE, RIGHT? HOW 'BOUT WE FIND A NICE QUIET PLACE AN' GET FRIENDLIER?
I'M NOT "YOUR" MOLLY, PRETTY BOY.
UK!
YOU REMEMBER THAT OR I'LL FIND YOU A NICE QUIET GRAVE.
GUH... GUH...

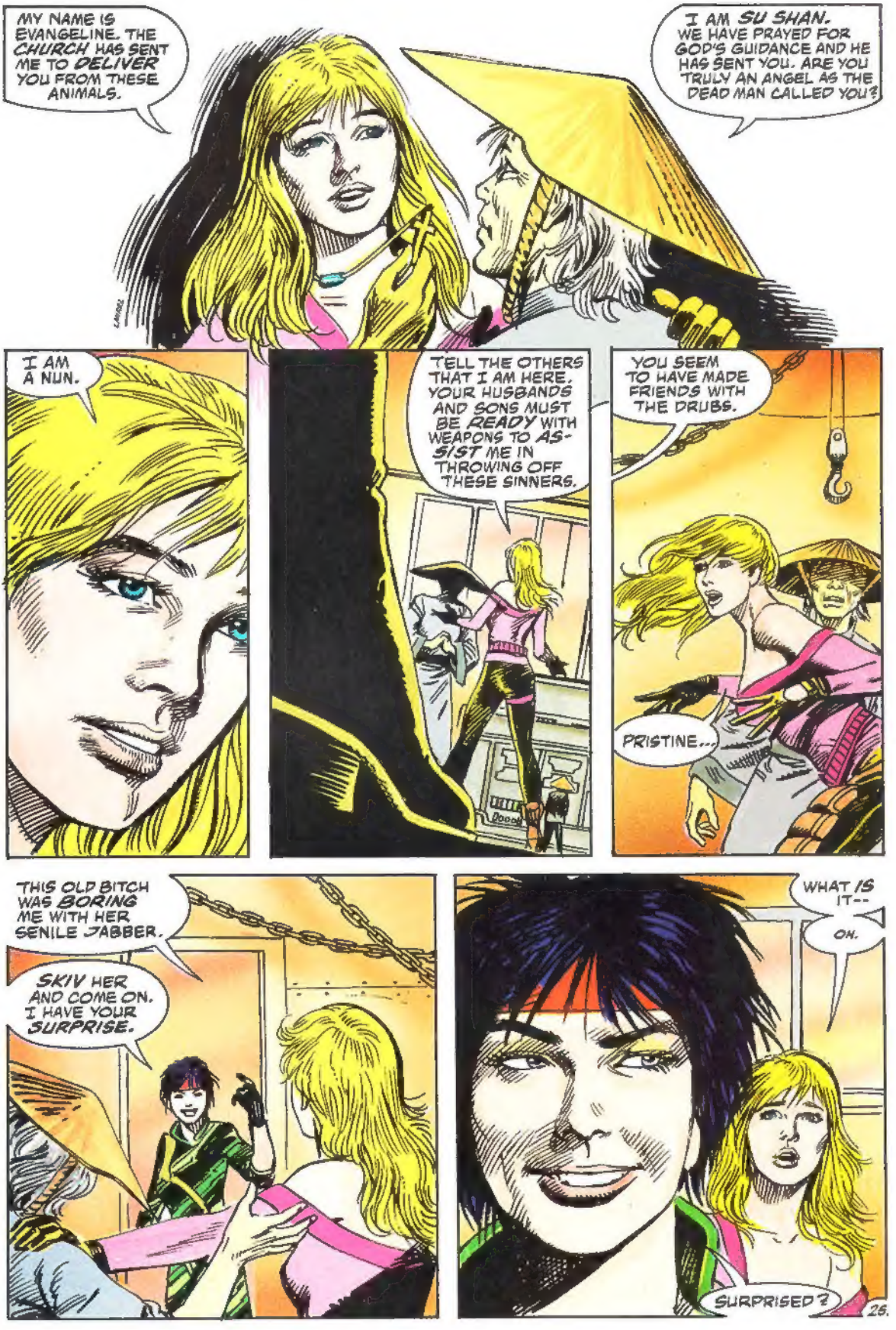

YOU TRACK?
I TRACK.
BITCH.

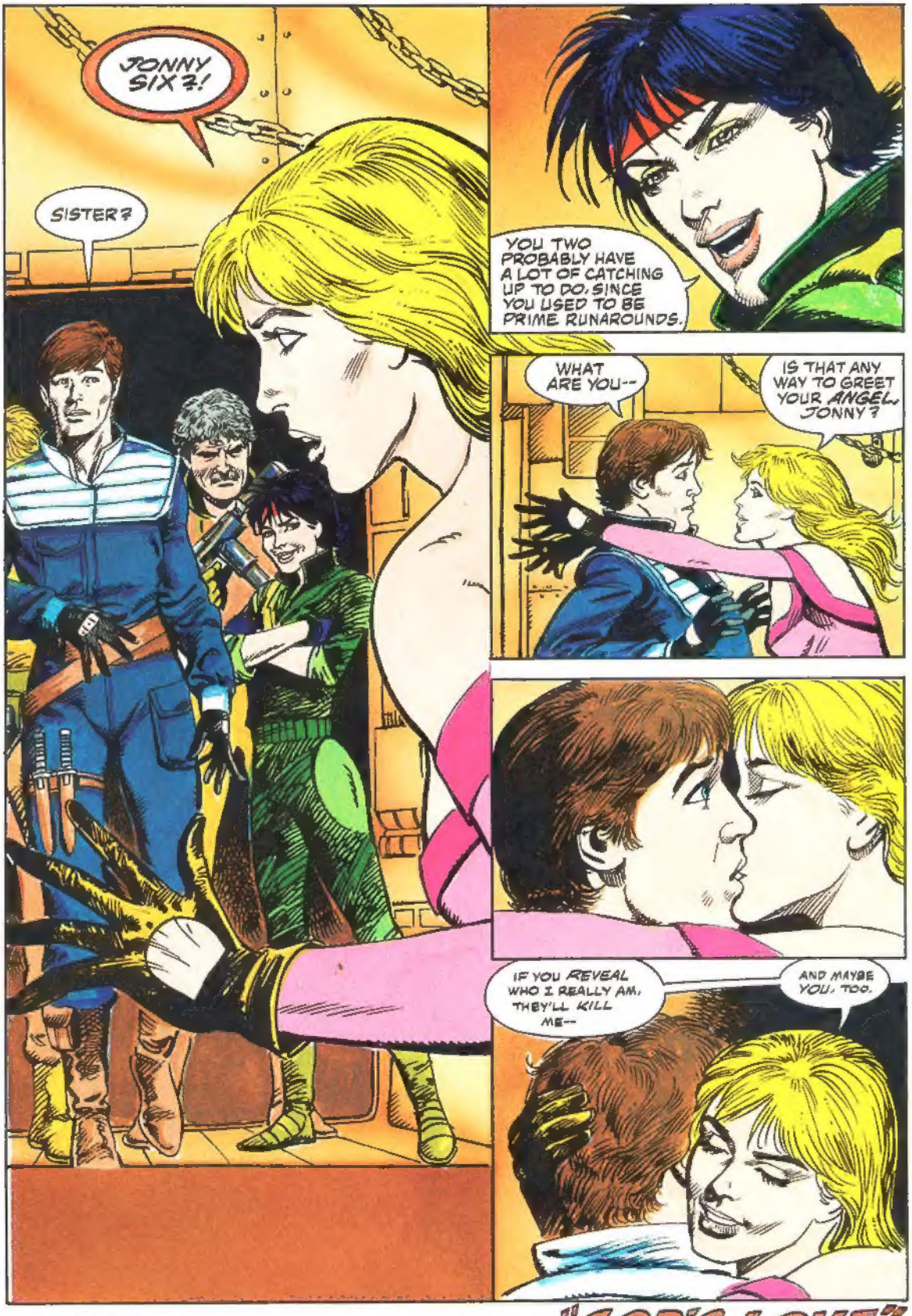
DIRTY LITTLE BASTARDS SHOULDN'T BE PLAYIN' IN THE MEAL.


GET YOUR STINKIN' FEET OUTTA THE MEAL!
NO! THEY MEAN NO HARM!
THEY ARE ONLY CHILDREN!
DON'T TOUCH ME, SLUT!
DON'T EVER TOUCH ME!
THOK
HUH?
WOK!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT I'VE ALREADY HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH OF YOU, LADY!
22.

NNNGHH!
YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE WITH THAT SKINNER BEFORE, ANGEL...
...BUT I'M READY NOW--
UMPH!
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU. BUT FIRST YOU MUST HELP ME. HELP ME DISPOSE OF THIS MAN!
IF THEY FIND HIM, THEY'LL KILL US ALL. THERE MUST BE SOME-PLACE TO HIDE HIM.


WE HAVE A PLACE FOR HIM.
THIS WILL CERTAINLY HIDE HIS SMELL. BUT THEY'LL FIND HIM EVENTUALLY.
THEY WILL NEVER FIND HIM WHERE WE WILL PUT HIM.
"UNLESS THEY LOOK ON THEIR DINNER PLATES."
MERCIFUL GOD.
QUICKLY! ADD THIS TO THE MEAT ON BOARD THE SHUTTLE CRAFT.
MRRRMMCHUNKACHUNKACHUNK!


MY NAME IS EVANGELINE. THE CHURCH HAS SENT ME TO DELIVER YOU FROM THESE ANIMALS.
I AM SU SHAN. WE HAVE PRAYED FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND HE HAS SENT YOU. ARE YOU TRULY AN ANGEL AS THE DEAD MAN CALLED YOU?
I AM A NUN.
TELL THE OTHERS THAT I AM HERE. YOUR HUSBANDS AND SONS MUST BE READY WITH WEAPONS TO AS-SIST ME IN THROWING OFF THESE SINNERS.
YOU SEEM TO HAVE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE DRUBS.
PRISTINE...
THIS OLD BITCH WAS BORING ME WITH HER SENILE JABBER.
SKIV HER AND COME ON. I HAVE YOUR SURPRISE.
WHAT IS IT--
OH.
SURPRISED?


JONNY SIX?!
SISTER?
YOU TWO PROBABLY HAVE A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO, SINCE YOU USED TO BE PRIME RUNAROUNDS.
WHAT ARE YOU--
IS THAT ANY WAY TO GREET YOUR ANGEL, JONNY?
IF YOU REVEAL WHO I REALLY AM, THEY'LL KILL ME--
AND MAYBE YOU, TOO.

NEXT: *THE CONCLUSION OF HOSTAGE PLANET:* **"GOD'S LOVE"**

The CONFESSIONAL

c/o First Comics
435 North LaSalle Chicago IL 60610

Dear People,

On page 22, of #9, Evangeline kills a man. He had done horrible things — committed the cold-blooded murders of young women. We do not know if he was forced into doing this. All he said (or was allowed to say) was that he did the killings because "they told me to." Was he forced into it and as a result suffer moral torment? Or did he do so willingly? And if he did it willingly, was this because he liked it or because he just didn't care? If he was forced into it then his crime was that he did not resist. Perhaps resistance would have meant his own life and so his lack of resistance is perhaps more understandable — though not, of course, morally justifiable. And if he participated of his own accord, I'm not sure which would be more horrific — if he actually enjoyed the killings or if he was so cold as to not even care. In either case, though, his guilt would be clear and unmitigated.

But does the above justify Evangeline's execution of this man? He was certainly no immediate threat to her or her mission at the time, so self-defense is not a possibility. Still, maybe this man really did "deserve" to die. But even if he did, should Evangeline have been his executioner? The commandment reads "Thou shalt not kill," not "Thou shall not kill except when..." But is it as simple as that? After all, there *is* the righteous wrath of God and perhaps Evangeline was merely His instrument in this particular case. Or did she merely *think* (or *presume*) that she was God's instrument? It must be a tricky thing indeed to act on such an assumption (such a feeling? such knowledge?). When does one start injecting one's own desires and feelings into the will of God?

All of that said, I can certainly empathize with Evangeline's grief and rage. She witnessed brutality that no one should have to ever see — let alone experience as a victim. (And *so many* victims there were!) I can also understand her feeling that *she* had to do something. As she said when Brian told her to leave the fight to someone else: "There *is* no one else." (Maybe there is — or could be — someone else, but she doesn't believe that — and *that* is what matters most in her mind.)

Finally, I am struck by the violence in which Evangeline has been immersed. Is it proper and desirable that the Church has plunged into the fray? Is it the Church's duty to fight those particular battles or should the Church stand aside and try to forge another path, one that eschews violence altogether? Can it do both? Should it *attempt* to do both?

Jim Burke
a.k.a. T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
M9L 2R9 Canada

P.S. Yikes! Did I sign my real name to this letter?! Yes, I did! Did I *mean* to sign my real name to his letter?! Yes, I did! Does this mean that I've gone totally off the deep end?! How should *I* know? I haven't been to the public swimming pool in weeks! (But seriously, folks — well, semi-seriously, anyway: It's just part of my gala Tenth Maple Anniversary celebrations.)

Actually, we have had that particular commandment for quite some time, and I haven't really noticed too many people saying, "Yes, this applies to me, *without reservations, right now!" (I'm feeling rather cynical today.)*

Jim (strange, that — calling you by your real name), the labtech's "they told me to," is just another version of "I was just following orders." Which didn't work too well as a defense before, either.

And think about it — Evangeline never reports to anyone other than Szn or his subordinates. Phillip trained her on Szn's instructions. Only Szn gives Evangeline her marching orders. Now, just what makes you think it goes higher up than Szn?

Folks,

Now, let's see.

We have this girl who is a victim of her upbringing... no, that's not right.

Let's try again.

We have this girl who is the *product* of her upbri... no, no, that's not it either.

We have this nun who was trained to kill and maim and hurt and... nope, not even close that time.

We have this sexpot, and... no, I'm not even going to *think*

"It makes me angry that all of the characters in the magazine seem to think that because their cause is just they automatically have to right to do anything to further their aims."

that one.

Aw, skip it. I think I'll just re-read the issue.

Tracey B. Baron
Box 4054
APO NY 09238

Dear People,

I am not a Christian but I have enjoyed Evangeline because she is a character caught in the eternal struggle between good and evil, recognized by all systems of belief, and she gives herself completely and heroically to the fight for justice. However, it makes me angry that all of the characters in the magazine seem to think that because their cause is just they automatically have to right to do anything to further their aims, even killing unarmed prisoners (i.e., page 14-15 of #9).

I realize that Evangeline is a commando following orders and not a philosopher, but I wish you'd have some characters who worry about the moral implications of their methods as well as their goals. Otherwise you set a bad example for your readers, making them think that the good of the ends justifies even the most ruthless means. That's the type of thought process that makes Arab terrorists think they'll go to heaven when they blow up plane loads of Christian civilians.

P.S. All your other published letters talk about how righteously Christian this comic is. I dare you to print this, or you'll know in your hearts that you are narrow minded hypocrites.

Julia Nyquist

Aha, a dare!

You're right, most of the organizations, corporations, and various affiliations in ***Evangeline*** know *they're right, so they have no qualms about what they do to achieve their ends. They assume the "righteousness" of their morality; that you, as a reader, question those assumptions is the point. I think Matthew 7:20 is applicable here.*

Dear Ms. Fitch, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Statema,

I've just finished reading the first nine issues of Evangeline and I am astonished. What astonishes me is 1) the missions Evangeline undertakes, and 2) the psychography of the central character.

Now to my point. Evangeline has undertaken missions that were asked of her by people like Brian Hager, Cardinal Szn, and others. This makes her appear as if she is an agent of someone other than God. I think what would be intriguing to this series if Evangeline would have spiritual communication with God. In other words, Evangeline could receive her missions and tasks from God through praying, dreams, or through psychic spiritual contact.

Evangeline's psychography has heretofore been chiefly taciturn. She has also displayed a great deal of composure. I must sayI truly like her psychological make-up. Because she is well disciplined and does not let adversity overpower her. Her character is perfect for her because you need to have composure and discipline to be a nun.

In closing, Evangeline has been a new experience for me of which I look forward to reading more of in the future. Thank you.

Michael J. Leon
47 Jean Avenue
Hempstead, NY 11550

Evangeline hearing voices telling her what to do...? Think I'll have to pass on that.

Since so many readers ask about the process of making a book, thought you might like to see a pencil *cover by* ***Jim Balent.***

NEXT: Once Evangeline's cover is blown, a woman who would hold an entire planet for ransom wouldn't think twice about blowing Evangeline away, too. "God's Love: Hostage Planet, Part Two." **By Chuck Dixon, Jim Balent, and Ricardo Villagran.**

— Laurel Fitch